

Growing Up and Growing Apart by egirldallon

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Adding characters as I go, Alternate Universe - Modern Setting, Alternate Universe - No Pennywise (IT), Bev got more cheerful, Bev the loser's club cheer leader essentially, College, Eddie is the same but a lil eboy rebel, Fast Pace, Fluff and Angst, Gay Eddie Kaspbrak, Gay Richie Tozier, Its gonna be very quick, M/M, Marijuana, No beta babygirl, OOC as fuck, Richie is a soft boy, Richie is emotionally damaged, Richie speaks very softly

Language: English

Characters: Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Beverly Marsh & Richie Tozier, Bill Denbrough/St Stanley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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Summary:

Italics are flashbacks!

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

Italics are flashbacks!

Eddie hated his home town. The homophobia, the bullies who broke his arm, the unrequited love.

After he left Derry, his controlling mother and unfortunately the losers, he headed to University of Maine. He started experimenting with boys, smoking weed and being someone he wanted to be. If you showed him who he was in high school, bright red short shorts, fanny pack and fake inhaler, he wouldn't recognize himself.

He's a new person, something he told himself whenever he looked for his inhaler or the placebos for comfort. Something he told himself when thinking about Derry.

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Eddie opens his eyes at 10 o'clock to his dorm, tomorrow being the first day of his junior year of college. That means a new roommate, hopefully, an accepting, chill one. His last roommates had up and left, moving off campus.

He decided to settle into the dorm first. He liked not having to deal with the other person when moving his shit in. He actually had no idea who his roommate was, this all being very last minute and unplanned.

So when he gets a knock at his door right after he wakes up, he groans, knowing who it is. He throws on a dirty tee shirt laying on his desk chair and opens up the door. Completely not expecting Richie fucking Tozier to be standing there.

"Rich?"

"Eds?"

They stand there in shock, not moving.

Richie scans over Eddie's face, noticing the piercings, eyebrow bar, nose ring and lip ring, the curly hair and painted nails.

Eddie finally snaps out of it and backs up, letting the taller in. Richie comes in, with a dolly, probably borrowed from the school, in trail, carrying all his stuff.

Eddie climbs back into his bed, suddenly nervous about seeing Richie again.

Richie closes the door and sits on his bed across from Eddie.

"Didn't know you came here." He comments, grabbing the smaller's attention.

"I could say the same thing about you Richie."

He gives a "hmph" in response, nodding. Eddie notes the changes in him, pastel colors and a softer tone, less abrasive than Richie's "your mom" voice.

What changed in the three years they were apart? What made Eddie so different, same so for Richie? What changed after what happened between them?

Richie stays still for a few moments before getting up and unpacking. The first box he sets on his bed with a weighty thud. He opens it up revealing a multitude of sketchbooks, stacked until the box closes.

"So what's your major Eds?"

"Psychology. And don't call me Eds."

"Whatever you say Eds." Richie laughs softly.

Eddie realizes how many your mom jokes he could have made, and how many times he could have invaded his personal space for the sake of a joke. He sweeps it from his mind and looks away.

"What about you?"

"Oh, I major in art."

"I didn't you were an artist."

Richie looks back at him. "I never really showed anyone my art, too afraid or some shit." He smiles half heartedly.

Eddie nods and stands up "Let me help."

Richie feels his cheeks tinge with light pink blush and he turns away, setting the box of sketchbooks by his desk. "Thank you."

They work quickly and quietly, the silence breaking occasionally when Eddie asks where something should be.

They finish in a few hours and Richie falls back onto his bed, same as Eddie. There's an awkward silence in the air, still and rigid. Richie pulls a small sketchbook from the side of his bed and starts sketching.

"Do you want to talk about it?" Eddie asks, making Richie look up from his drawing.

"No. I really don't." He says hushed and nervous.

"Richie, I'm sorry about what happened, but we live together now. We can't ignore it."

"Eddie, please don't." Richie can hardly breathe. Eddie finds the smallness of his voice surprising and sad.

"Fine. Okay." He says, annoyed and irritated.

"Thank you Eds. Maybe later but I'm tired and sad."

Eddie looks over and frowns. He decides he gonna smoke. He quickly grabs underwear and pants. "Um, I'm gonna go smoke. See you later."

"You smoke?"

"Weed, yea."

Richie feels surprise rise in his stomach.

"It doesn't give you asthma attacks?"

"We both know I didn't have asthma Rich."

"Yea. You're right."

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When Eddie gets back a few hours later, he sees Richie headphones in and hand working quickly at a drawing. He can't decide if the way his heart flutters is good or bad. He shoulders off his leather jacket and toes off his boots.

Richie slides off his headphones and sits up. "I thought about it Eds."

Eddie raises an eyebrow and sits down at the edge of his bed. "Yea?"

"We can talk about it. I'm ready."

"I'm glad, first things first, I'm so sorry for what I said all those years ago Rich."

Richie looks down to his fidgety hands. "It hurt so bad Eds."

"I know and I'm so sorry. You were my best friend and what I said was unwarranted and stupid."

"You didn't let me finish. It hurt but it made me realize a lot. But it also fucked me up. I mean, it wasn't only you who told me things you did. I guess you telling me that really did it for me."

"I'm sorry."

Eddie was leaving for college, Richie not having any idea where either of them were heading. Eddie was saying goodbye to his best friend.

"Bye Rich."

"I'm gonna miss you Eds."

"I'm gonna miss you too Trashmouth."

"Not as much as I'll miss your mom."

"God Richie! Can't you fucking stop being like that for two fucking

seconds?! I'm being sincere here and all you can do is make jokes about my mother! You're so fucking annoying and irritating! I've had enough of your shit, your idiocy and your immature sense of humor that no one laughs at. I fucking hate you!" Eddie shouts, turning away to his car.

"Eds-"

"For the last time Richie! Don't fucking call me Eds. Now just leave, god."

"Eddie, please just wait. I-I l-lov."

"Goodbye Richie."

"I'm different now I guess." Richie smiles weakly.

"But, you were fine before Rich. I-I, I don't like the fact you changed yourself bec-"

"Stop. Just stop. You said what you said and it's in the past and you should be able to move on and so should I."

"Okay." Eddie rests his questions.

"What changed you Eds?"

"I don't know, my mom never let me pierce my skin or paint my nails. Plus after I found out about all my meds being placebos, I wanted to be a different person. So I became one." He ignores the nickname and smiles half heartedly.

"I'm glad. It fits you. I like it." Richie blushes.

Eddie looks over in surprise. He blushes bright red and clears his throat. "Thanks."

In all truth, Richie has no friends, hasn't had any since high school. The only loser he still talks to is Bev, and that's on occasion. Ever since Eddie went off on him, it changed the way he saw himself. He finally realized how annoying he was, and he cut himself off. He kept himself cut off, and he kept himself quiet and he lived with

roommates who didn't talk to him. He liked it that way, he got too anxious, afraid he was too annoying or irritating.

His phone rings breaking the stillness of the air. It's Bev.

"I gotta take this." Richie says softly, getting up and leaving the room.

2. Chapter 2

"Hey love." Bev says carefully.

"What's up Bev?"

"Who's your new roommate Rich?"

"You won't believe this."

"What?" she laughs quietly.

"It's Eddie."

Her laughing stops. "Of the Kaspbrak variety?"

"Yea. He's real different."

"What'dya mean love?"

"He has piercings and his hair is all curly and he paints his nails and he smokes weed and-"

"He does?! That's fuckin' weird."

"I know. But worst of all, he made me talk about what happened years ago. H-he said sorry. And I said it was okay."

"Is it though?"

"No, because now that he's here again, and I see him and I'm near him, I wanna say what I wanted to tell him before he left. But it hurts and I'm hurt and he hurt me and I'm fucked up and he stands there apologetic and sad like I'm supposed to be okay but I'm still hurting. But I still love him so much and I want to forgive him." His breathing quickens and his sight blurs.

"Love, slow down, I'll come down tonight and we can talk alright? It's time I saw you. But for now I want you to take deep breaths and sit down. I don't want you fainting because I can hear you hyperventilating."

Richie slows his breathing down and sits against his door.

"There you go Rich, good job. Now, is Eds really apologetic?"

"Yea he is."

"I'm not saying you have to forgive him but work on your relationship. He's sounds very sorry. Be open to him trying to improve the connection between you two."

Richie can feel his sight returning and he feels calm. "Thank you Bev, you're always right. I love you."

"Of course Richie. I love you too. I'm gonna take you out for dinner okay love?"

"That sounds awesome, really awesome actually." He says cheerfully, something clicks and he feels an innate urge to apologize.

"I'm sorry I don't call you more Bevy. I just get so anxious and-"

"Richie, don't apologize, you don't have to explain yourself. I know why, and I understand and I love you."

Richie feels tears in his eyes. "Thank you so much. See you tonight."

"See you tonight Rich."

Richie gets up and walks back into the dorm. "Sorry 'bout that."

Eddie shakes his head, "It's okay."

"I uh, I won't be here tonight."

"I heard. Have fun with Bev."

Richie side eyes him. "Thanks."

Richie lays in his bed, relaxing his body. They stay like this, silent for a very, very long while until a knock rings out. Richie gets up and opens the door.

"Bevy." Richie jumps into her arms, hugging her tight. "You're early."

"I really wanted to see you love."

"I'm really glad." He whispers.

"Gonna let me come in?" She laughs.

He nods happily, leading her in. She stops when she lays sight on Eddie.

"Hey Beverly." Eddie waves.

"Hey Spaghetti."

His face contorts into one of disgust. Richie stifles a laugh and Beverly laughs out loud.

"Do you want to come to dinner with us Eddie?" Bev asks as Richie turns from his closet with a questioning look on his face.

"I uh, I would actually like that." Eddie smiles, making Beverly cheer.

She encloses him in a tight hug. "I haven't seen you in forever Eds."

Richie feels some sorta way, nothing he can put his finger on but nonetheless. He takes out a pale pink sweater and some light blue overalls. "How's this Bev?"

She looks over and kisses his cheek "It's beautiful and I love it."

He whips off his clothes making Eddie turn his head. Bev holds his overalls for him as he slides on his sweater. He finishes getting dressed and sits back down into his bed. Eddie feels like an outsider, they're so close. He looks on as Beverly puts butterfly clips in Richie's curls, puts a choker on him and applies his lip gloss.

"Vans?" Richie asks, she nods back.

She turns around. "Let me see your clothes Eddie Spaghetti!"

He flips her off at the nickname and opens up his closet. It's all black and white with a hint of grey and purple. "You're such a rebel now

Eds!" She pauses "Lemme see your outfit for tonight!"

He smiles and pulls out a simple leather jacket, some chain necklaces, stud earrings, ripped black jeans and a low cut black tee.

"I love it!" she claps and admires the outfit.

She falls into Richie's bed and lays her head on his lap. "How about we go to a Barnes and Noble before dinner!?"

Richie looks down at Beverly. "I'm okay with that."

"Me too."

Bev just hung around the dorm before he dragged both of them up and out of the dorm.

"Let's go!"

Eddie and Richie look at each other and blush before looking away.

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When they get to Barnes and Noble after a 45 minute drive, both Eddie and Richie don't expect to see Bill Denbrough and Stan Uris to be standing at the customer service desk. Richie sets a hand on Bev's shoulder.

"Was this planned Beverly?" His voice as quiet and sad as always.

Eddie slips his hands in his pockets, repeating "I'm a new person" over and over in his head, trying to displace his nerves.

"Yes and no."

"Bev, you know what I did. I haven't talked to them since that day and I'm sure they hate me. I just don't know if they wanna see me. I didn't even know they were this close to me." he feels tears spring to his eyes. "I'm scared because they hate me Bevy."

Eddie comes up to Richie and "I know you wont like this but," Richie looks at him tearfully and scared as Eddie hugs him. "They don't hate

you Rich, no one could hate you. If you explain to them what happened, what I did, your feelings, they'll understand. I promise you Richie. I promise." Richie takes a breath and hugs him back.

"Thank you Eds." He says, shaking it off, and sniffing.

"I'm sorry Richie. I didn't mean to hurt you." Beverly apologizes, sincerely.

He shakes his head "It's okay Bev."

Beverly takes Richie's hand and marches up to the customer service desk.

"What's up homos?" Bill and Stan look up at the familiar ring of Beverly Marsh's voice.

"W-What's u-up B-B-Bev?" Bill trails off as he sees the two standing next to him.

"Hi Bill, Stan." Eddie says, waving slightly.

"Hey Eds, hey Rich." Stan says, awkwardly and tense.

"When are you lot off?" Bev asks.

"We're just about to be off actually."

"Me, Rich and, Eds are gonna get some dinner, wanna come with?"

Bill looks at Richie who's lookin' down at the ground. Eddie walks to Richie's side and whispers something in his ear, making him nod and seem less panicked.

Richie nods and rubs his neck. "Hi, guys." his voice is soft.

Stan's eyes light up at the sound of Richie's voice, as well as Bill's. Stan checks his watch, "We're off Bill, let's clock out."

Bill clocks out for the both of them as Stan gets to Richie's side. "Hey Rich. I've missed you."

Richie looks up to him and immediately starts tearing up. "I'm sorry

Stan. I'm so sorry."

"Woah, it's okay, I promise." Stan hugs Richie into his side.

"When Bill gets back you can explain whatever you need to. Bill's a good listener and so am I Rich." Stan explains, rubbing his arm.

Richie nods and wipes at his tears. Bill comes out, kissing Stan and holding his hand.

"H-h-hey R-R-Richie, w-what's w-w-wrong?" Bill asks, looking at the fragile Richie.

"I uh, I need to apologize for cutting you off after uh, after high school. Eddie and I uh, got into a big fight and he said some," he pauses, trying to control his breathing, eyeing Bev as she leads Eddie away. "some bad stuff that made me realize a lot of stuff about myself. And I, I thought you thought I was annoying," he has tears rolling down his face "so I just stopped talking to you, and I thought you hated me. Please don't hate me." he falls apart, sobbing as he looks down.

"H-hey R-R-ichie. W-we could never h-hate y-you."

Stan's eyes shoot open and he holds Richie close, making stern eye contact with Bill. "It's okay, we love you, so much, okay? We could never hate you."

"W-we u-u-understand." Bill says, putting an arm around Stan.

"See Rich, told ya he's a great listener." he whispers, hugging him tight and rubbing his back.

Author's Note:

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